

Waiting for Spring-time.

BY P. B. WEST.

Swiftly the day-star toward zenith is tending,
Brighter its rays fall, and wasting the snow,
Its crystals dissolving, their rainbow tints blending,

O'er the banks trembling, where silent and low—

Violets are waiting the breath from earth's Aidenn,

Awaiting perfumes that the orange groves fling
To the breezes, that come from arbors flow'r laden,

From the acacias odors to bring.

Deep hidden in darkness, by mantling snow falling,

Nurtured by nature, yet seeking the light,
Recumbent until at the rivulet's calling—

The crocus peers out, when skies have grown bright;

Through winter's dread reign, long the pent germs had waited,

Strength for fresh petals they gather'd anew,
Till the storm-king, well nigh by boreas sated,
Bows to the day-star, and waves an adieu.

The dew that had fallen the bland breeze is sweeping,

And flashing the sunlight—morning's first beams;

But it wakes not my flowers, low—low, they are sleeping,

My violets bloom now only in dreams;

My crocus peers out, but in night's fitful vision;

Fain would I gather these once cherished flowers,

They vanish, or fly to the land elysian—

Aidenn of bliss—where the sky never lowers.